mity of the island. A line of breakers thundering over a sand-bank stopped us at low water, and our boat could not proceed; so we stripped and waded ashore, in spite of sharks and alligators, and walked two miles on a fine sandy beach, tinder the shade of the mangroves which line several miles of this low coast.

We then climbed up a rock of solid pitch, and wandered to a kind of wild village of French mulatto people; found a place to get a breakfast of eggs and coffee, among gardens of pine-apples and fruit trees, which had been the original object of the settlers before they thought of making sugar.

The soil, or rather the floor, of all these plantations, paths and house, is nothing but sheer pitch, not harder than a tub of common pitch left in the sun.

This is quite a narrow peninsula, formed by a bituminous lava, flowing about two-thirds of a mile from a vast lake of the same materials, considerably elevated above the level of the sea. It is some miles in extent, surrounded by woods and estates of no great importance. The

ground is hard everywhere, but intersected by cracks and ditches, full of clear, cold water, all communicating together; and near the centre is a pool of about